The New Northwest.

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The New Northwest.

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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

Mr. John Roach.

"You see, I was a fisherman. I think that is enough to account for the whole story."

My neighbor looked up from his float as he stood angling for perch upon a little rustic bridge which used to be nearly opposite the Rye House, at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire. I had been botanizing all the afternoon among the waterside flora—which is very beautiful in England—and had unslung my basket to have a gossip with Mr. John Roach. We live near each other, and feel the natural esteem which comes of reciprocal good offices. His place is called "Nestfields," and mine "The Priory." I don't know why. They are both substantial country houses, built of red brick, without any pretention, and surrounded by twenty acres or so of gardens and meadow land. They were probably erected in the reign of Elizabeth, when our island peculiarities were somewhat more marked than they are now, for they are both alike in this peculiarity, that small portions of light and air are walled in for private use and plentifully planted with good things. My friend's habitation was the dower-house of old Sir Reginald Roach's widow, who seems to have set up some queer religion for herself and followers—a sect once numerous in the villages round about here; my place seems to have been rebuilt out of the ruins of an ancient monastery which was, perhaps, pulled down by Henry the Eighth's commissioners after the bluff King had quarreled with his Romish clergy.

John Roach and I are alike in many respects. We have both good gardens, excellent wine-cellars, larders well stocked at all times, curious libraries, with all the shelves full of companionable books. We are both bachelors, under the guardianship of sunny-tempered house-keepers, so that we ripen and grow mellower daily, as do peaches upon a southern wall in autumn time. We have both warm incomes, too; enough for all the wants of the fancy and the wants of the heart, and nothing over. We could neither of us take to building or picture-buying on a large scale; but we can purchase all the respect we require for common use; we never haggle over figures, and let our tradesmen, work-people, and servants make such gains as please them, without demanding strict accounts from any one. At Christmas and at Easter we have always something to give away, and we keep the birthdays of old folks and children that we may enjoy the perpetual sight of happy faces; so that whenever a big fish or a blade of strange grass is heard of within miles of our abode, John Roach and I are sure to have the first news piping hot, because our bread and cheese and ale are good, and he loves angling, and 'tis well known that I am searching for the four-leaved shamrock, which is said sometimes to reward a patient and intelligent looking into nature.

"Yes, I was a fisherman, and Philip was not, or he might have better understood the origin of happiness," continued my neighbor, with a quaint, demure smile playing over his features in the soft hazy light of an English spring in early evening.

I nodded as I arranged an unusually fine specimen of a parasite which grows upon the water-lily, and which I then fancied I had myself discovered, though I now find it was known to my Scotch gardener, and is not uncommon in Perthshire, his native county. As I nodded, I also remarked, with sound discretion, that fishing and botany might account for many things.

"Ah!" returned Mr. John Roach, with more readiness, if with less profundity, than had characterized my observation, "fishing has an advantage over botany, because it is less absorbing. When you go a-hunting for flora, you are as a student who diligently pores over a book, a large and open book, indeed, but one of which the characters are often hard to decipher, and your attention can never wander from the subject. A fisherman has only to keep an eye upon his float, and may leave his thoughts at liberty to roam over all creation. Fishing is rather an aid to contemplation than a hindrance to it."

I had nothing to say in answer to this statement, and if I had been able to controvert it, I should not have done so, for we must have lived and thought to small advantage if we do not evade discussion whenever it is possible to do so honestly. I like botanizing better than angling; that is no reason why my friend should be enamored by my pastime, and it is a delicate sort of charity which consists in yielding up the small triumphs of conversation to all who talk with us. We are not bound to converse with anybody; but when we consent to hold intercourse even with a curmudgeon, we are bound in conscience and in kindness to use none but sweet words whenever the thing can be fairly managed.

Besides, Mr. John Roach looked in such good ease that evening, his broad, sunburnt face, tanned by wind and weather, was so comely, and my friend was altogether such a pleasant type of strength, manliness, and robust health, that I felt it would not be rational to deny that there must be great virtues in fishing, for he was a living example of them. The story he had told me, too, as we rested together on the bridge, was by no means calculated to diminish that affectionate regard which had been gradually growing up between us any time these last twenty years; and when he had brought it to an end with the terse reflection above mentioned, I wondered how it had come about that we had known each other so long and that our hearts had never gone wholly out in revelations of our past lives till this day, and then—so naturally reticent are Englishmen of their private concerns—that the inner life of my most intimate associate had only been made known to me by chance, if there is such a thing as chance. Of what my neighbor said as he stood fishing for perch, and I was watching him, this is the sum:

"I was, as you know, the younger of the two sons of Sir Everard Roach, of Bellairs and Fontenay. Our family is one of the oldest in Sussex, and for centuries we have held some very large estates there. A legend says we are descended from Guy de la Roche, a hard-fisted seaman of St. Valery, probably a pirate who came to Britain with Norman William on a buccaneering expedition on his own account, but seeing how things went, had attached himself to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and had been rewarded with the substance of Saxons. I never quite believed that romantic account of our antecedents, because Yseult de la Roche, sole heiress of Bandoin, last male heir of Guy, had died unmarried, and her lands having lapsed to the Crown, were incontestably sold to an alderman of Hastings, either by Wolsey or Burleigh, for the date is less certain than the fact.

"It was, however, heresy to allude to it in the presence of my father, who stanchly held by the tradition which made us all the offspring of a robber. He never quite forgave my brother for expressing doubts about his lineage after reading the county history when we were quite boys; and as we grew up there were only too many reasons which kept his resentment against Philip alive. Rich men seldom like their heirs, but my father was so naturally big-hearted and affectionate that he would not only have loved Philip, he would have been proud of him, had they seen more of each other. As it was, all the love and pride of my family became centered on me. Every one on our estates seemed to be in a conspiracy to spoil my brother and estrange him from Sir Everard. The farmers who had any cause for complaint against our father or his agent were constantly appealing to Philip, and he appeared to take a perverse delight in always ranging himself on their side and against the decisions of Sir Everard. This tortured our father, whose weakness was almost a morbid jealousy of his authority, and he fancied that Philip was anxious for his death.

"I was in love with my cousin Maud.

"'Jack,' said this young lady to me one day, as she put her hand on my shoulder and gave me an impatient push to rouse my attention, 'do you hear?'

"'Yes, I hear, Maud,' I answered, keeping a steady look at my float and my ears well open, for I knew it would not do to trifle with her when she behaved like that.

"'Jack, I hope you don't care about me, for I don't care a bit about you except as a brother, and they want to marry us up there.' She pointed to the terrace before our house, where the elders were apparently in deep discourse, and then added, 'I love Philip.'

"I could not see my float for a minute or two after this abrupt announcement, and I felt a sensation in my nose as though I had been smelling at mustard. I was very fond of Maud, and had come to think it impossible that we should ever be separated. I could not even realize the idea of a life without her, when it was suddenly presented to me.

"The girl sat pulling grass up by the roots, and looking straight before her, with a resolute, combative expression on her vigorous face, when she had thus spoken, and silence grew up like a wall between us.

"She broke it rather sharply after a while, and said, in a direct, hard-hitting way she had:

"'You're Jacob. I wouldn't be Jacob if I were you. He wasn't half such a good fellow as his brother was.'

"'Wasn't he, my dear?' I said, huskily, as soon as I could trust myself to speak.

"'I wish you wouldn't cry, Jack; it's so stupid,' she said, in an angry voice, and throwing the grass away as fast as she pulled it up. 'You ought to have known long ago that I liked Philip.'

"'I own it, Maud, dear,' I returned, humbly, for I was quite crushed by her unkindness.

"'Well,' she answered, briskly, 'confession is good for the soul. At all events, you know it now. I would not deceive anybody. I hate you!'

"'Why do you hate me, cruel girl?' I replied, recovering from my emotion as she spoke in tones so hard and cold.

"'I hate you for supplanting your brother!' she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. 'I hate you because he is going away and we shall never see him again. He has written to say that he shall change his name, and will try never to be heard of any more.'

"'I received my quarter's allowance yesterday,' I observed, going at once to the heart of Phil's trouble with true fraternal instinct. 'My brother wants money; I will send him that.'

"'I would if I were you,' said the girl. 'It's the least you can do, considering you are to have everything.'

"'Yes,' I answered, with composure, 'it's the least I can do, but not the most.'

"'Hypocrites never speak out,' remarked the little maid, bitterly; and I think that those sharp words cut the cord which had bound my heart to her. I never thought of her as a wife after she had spoken them. I looked upon her henceforth as an unjust and ungenerous partisan, who should be undeceived in due time and brought to reason. She grew up from boidenhood to womanhood very fair and frank toward others, very cool and insolent to me; and heaven knows how rude a pretty girl can be when she desires to wound. During three years I think that directly or indirectly she embittered every hour of my life. She hovered about me and stung me like a gnat, her approaches were so swift and her sting so keen.

"Then it came to pass that my father and my uncle died, both the same year, leaving some ambitious dreams for me unrealized; and one bleak November morning I sat by our silent hearth opposite Maud and my mother, who were both in deep mourning, and they began to speak to me as owner of Bellairs and Fontenay.

"'I suppose you will live here yourself, John?' said my mother, dryly. 'Maud and I can leave for Nestfields when you please.' She glanced up at my cousin as she spoke, and I saw that there was a secret intelligence between them. Perhaps they despised me equally, though my mother's manner was rather business-like than aggressive. Maud, however, had turned her head away, and was drawing a narrow neck-ribbon she had on fiercely through her lips, as though she required to curb the hot wrath which was mastering her. I knew that she meditated an explosion as much as she ever meditated anything, and that indignation had entire command over her. My father had then been dead about six weeks, and my uncle had died before him, so that the edge of our sorrow was blunted; yet this was the first time we had all three met together.

"I drew out my watch when my mother had spoken, and, in answer to her inquiry, I said that I could decide nothing. Then I kissed her gently on the forehead, and added, 'Philip will be here presently, ma'am. Look yonder and you will see the post-horses which bring him back to us coming through the beech trees. 'Tis a pretty sight.'

"'Poor Philip!' sighed my mother, and I saw two large tears glitter as they fell from Maud's eyes, and the wayward girl tagged fitfully at the ribbon in her mouth.

"I rang the bell, and Marwood, our old steward, who was my brother's favorite servant, came into the library, where we were sitting, in answer to my summons.

"'Is all ready for Sir Philip?' I asked of him.

"'Yes, sir,' answered the old man, with a respectful bow, though he seemed but ill at ease with me. Then I took my mother's hand and led her through the open doorway and into the great entrance hall, where all of our servants were mustered, and she could see how I had the table spread in the banquet-room to welcome Philip back from Australia, where he had been living for two years, absent from our sight, but ever present in our hearts. He had only stopped one day in London at my request by telegram, to see our family lawyers, Messrs. Herlot & Mortmain. Now, in a few minutes, he would be with us again, and there on the threshold of his house we stood to welcome him. I kept on the left hand of our mother, and a little behind her and apart; Maud stood by her right, well in front, and with those fierce, defiant eyes of hers unsoftened. I believe she would have killed me if she could have done it.

"My brother Philip was an active, handsome man, very tall and straight, with the air of a knight and a noble about him. He was not a humdrum fellow like me, and I could not but acknowledge to myself that Maud must have been blind not to have preferred him. He sprang out of the traveling carriage which had brought him from the station, in less time than I should have taken to think about it, and bounded up the terrace-steps before the castle three stairs at once. Then he took my mother to his heart, and let her feeble, outstretched arms embrace him, while her pale face looked pitifully up, all full of sorrow. Still holding her in one of his strong arms and soothing her with loving words, my brother turned and held out his right hand to me with the mein of a king.

"'God bless you, Jack!' he said; and that was all.

"I never saw such a scorn in human eyes as that which gleamed in Maud's like a baleful marsh light till those words were spoken; and then she seemed to have a flash of inspiration from on high, and I saw that she had guessed my secret. It was a trumpery business to make such a fuss about. I had only resettled the estates on Philip, and have lived at 'Nestfields' ever since."

Shoshone Falls.

Among the wonders of this most wonderful land, the Shoshone Falls of Idaho should stand in the front rank. If they were in the old world, no European tourist would consider his journeyings complete until he had seen them. They may be reached in five miles from the crossing of Rock Creek on the overland stage route from Boise to Kelton, over a good wagon road. Why so many of our people have passed within hearing of this grand scene without turning aside to see them, is quite unaccountable. The Snake River is now exceedingly high, so that the volume of water which falls equals, or even exceeds, that which usually falls at the world-renowned Niagara. The river above the falls is guarded by walls of rock 500 feet high, with frequent towers from 200 to 300 feet high. The water immediately above the great falls is divided into about five channels by rocky islets, each separate body of water falling from 30 to 59 feet. Below these first falls there are but two principal divisions of the water which, with the impetus given them by the small falls, rush over a perpendicular wall of rock 210 feet high, meeting each other at an obtuse angle with a roar that can scarcely be compared. It is truly the rushing of mighty waters. The waters in their fall seem to be wholly broken, and send up such a cloud of spray as to almost totally hide the latter part of their descent, causing a beautiful rainbow to span the river continually when the sun shines. As the writer, who had gone on foot and alone to see this grand sight, stood before a solid wall 1,000 feet high, to echo back the roaring of the mighty cataract, in his ecstasy he could but clasp his hands and say to himself, "How completely grand they are, grand in their volume, grand in their height, and grand in their loneliness." These, as most falls, seem to be receding up stream. The rocks, the great revelators, tell by their chiseled walls and turrets of a volume more immense, a height greater and grander and more bewildering away back where the waters "heard no sound save their own dashings," and "their loneliness was complete." Three miles further up the river there are smaller falls, where, amid rocks characteristic of Snake River, the waters are divided into two streams and fall perpendicularly 150 feet. Thence the hurried tourist may return by 8 miles of travel, over an excellent road, to Rock Creek Station.

An Example.

The following reference to Abigail Adams we find in a recent eastern exchange, and respectfully refer women who "have all the rights they want" and sit in supine indifference regarding the condition of those less fortunately situated, with unconcern as selfish as degrading, to read, ponder, and do likewise:

Again, Abigail Adams was happily married, but she had the courage to speak for other women less favored. She could look out from her secure shelter by her husband's side and see how other mothers suffered at the hands of the law. So long as the law, now as then, gives to the father absolute authority over his child, the power to send it whithersoever he will, away from its mother, standing faithfully at his side, the power to will it with his dying breath to other care and guidance than hers, no wonder that this far-sighted woman of the Revolution told the men of the day that they were ungenerous and cruel. The women of this '76 ponder these things in their hearts. They rejoice with unfailing gratitude in the victories won, the difficulties conquered, and the power and freedom the old century has brought, with its declaration of rights to all men; they look wistfully into the new, requiring that it shall give unto them also some surer ground to stand upon than the shifting sands of fortune and the caprice or indulgence of the law-making sex.

Peculiarities of Distinguished Men.

At a certain country inn, in England, where the landlord had more than once been furnished with ocular proof of Johnson's eccentricities, and where Boswell happened to be, the latter chancing to mention Johnson's name, (a practice almost habitual with him), "mine host" involuntarily commenced snickering, when Boswell inquired of him if he knew Doctor Johnson. Replying in the affirmative, he was asked by Boswell his opinion of the great man. "Why, sir," said the landlord, "folks say he is the greatest writer in England, and, hereabouts, he goes by the name of 'Oddity.'"

As if instinctively, the next distinguished individual we think of, and whose image presents itself to our "mind's eye," is "magnanimous Goldsmith," in whose "peculiarities" diffidence and a strange sort of simplicity predominated to an extent probably never before seen in so remarkable a man. Boswell, indeed, fails not to insinuate that Goldsmith was sadly lacking in conversation—indeed, we have it on the authority of Garrick that, while "he wrote like an angel, he spoke like poor Pol." While stupid sticklers for mere common sense, therefore, and rattling discoursers, would be apt to recognize in Goldsmith's conversation nothing worthy so celebrated a man, it took the more appreciative among his countrymen to comprehend that a niche, next to the very highest in Fame's temple, was destined for this most exquisite and sentimental of poets. Goldsmith's remarkable physiognomy, in itself, constituted one of his chief peculiarities, entirely wanting, as it seems to have been, in dignity, comeliness, and intellectual expression. This his most enthusiastic admirers of both sexes (among his cotemporaries) reluctantly admit—and that this personal deficiency constantly preyed upon poor Goldsmith's mind, there can scarcely be a doubt.

This unfortunate "peculiarity" was, undoubtedly, next of kin to another—the two stood in the relation, most likely, of cause and effect—which latter peculiarity, to say the very least, rendered the poet a legitimate cause of merriment, even among his most distinguished literary friends and admirers. We refer to his well-known predilection for affecting the fop in the matter of dress, whenever his means would enable him to do it. So, on occasion of a distinguished party of literary men (of course including Johnson, Burke, Garrick and others) assembling at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith had provided himself with a new suit of clothes, of a style, material and color (purple, we believe,) calculated to astonish the beholders. On his way to Sir Joshua's he met a nobleman of his acquaintance, who, not recognizing him in his new attire, passed on without speaking. Arrived at Sir Joshua's, and, after a hearty welcome on the part of the distinguished company, (Goldsmith was ever a favorite among them), Garrick at once laid hold of the author of the "Traveler," and exhibited all his points and appointments before the company in a manner in which he (Garrick) alone was capable, the hilarity of the guests became obstreperous. But, after his introduction to the company by Garrick, and when Goldsmith, with a hurt and exceedingly mortified look, remarked that he had "just met Lord C., and that he had taken no more notice of him than if he had been a common man," the merriment of the company knew no bounds. It was at this crisis when the noble-hearted Johnson broke in with the remark (a remark which did him so much honor, and Goldsmith so much justice), "Sir, Lord C. ought to have made up to such a man as Doctor Goldsmith." The latter's wounded vanity, (for vanity may be mentioned as another of Goldsmith's peculiarities), was doubtless fully appeased by this complimentary speech so happily and gracefully timed by Johnson, who comprehended Goldsmith's true character to a hair. Absent-mindedness, resulting in a chaotic confusion of ideas, was, unquestionably, one of Goldsmith's most striking peculiarities. No man sooner than Goldsmith, (to use a slang phrase), "lost his head." For instance, on a certain occasion while taking dinner at a friend's house, and observing a dish of peas in his neighborhood, (we doubt not they were as green as they ought to be), he became at once big with a pun, and, choosing to consider the peas before him any color but green, loudly exclaimed to "mine host," "Why, these peas, my friend, are not green. Send them to Make em Green," meaning, of course, a place in the vicinity of London called "Turn em Green." The visitors all stared; and how poor "Goldy" looked under the circumstances we have never heard.

SMITH COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—A lady who had chosen the state of singleness for life, having large wealth and the name of Smith, by her will devoted some $400,000 to the establishment of a college for the higher education of women, meaning just what she said; for, by the terms of a remarkably judicious will, which she drew up herself, she restricted it to the further education of those only who had already pursued the studies ordinarily required for admission to college. She named a Board of Trustees, and died. They were happy in the selection of a man to organize and conduct such a grand scheme, and Professor L. Clark Seelye, of Amherst College, is President of the institution bearing the name of its intelligent founder. From the income of the fund, leaving the principal intact, the college buildings have been erected and furnished, combining everything to be desired; a perfect model college, so that the entire income will be employed in furnishing the best advantages of instruction. The classes and studies and professors and lectures are to be the same as those in the best colleges. The first, or lower class, has been one year under instruction. This fall the second enters, so there will be two classes, then three, then four, and the regular curriculum complete. As I entered one of the recitation rooms, and read on the blackboard the direction in chalk, "Deduce the fundamental formula of arithmetical progression," I perceived that girls who stand up at the board must do some thinking, or sit down and give it up.

Cool drinks—those taken at another fellow's expense, without invitation.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man boast in a way we despise.

Pompeii.

Eighteen hundred years ago Pompeii sat in calm security before the sea at the foot of Vesuvius, a burned-out volcano, whose sides were covered with vines and trees. No one remembered when this volcano had been in activity; no one ever expected to see it rouse to action.

Pompeii was not a large city, as it only had about thirty thousand inhabitants; but it was a favorite residence of many wealthy Romans, and was a busy, bustling town, with shops, manufactories, public baths, temples, and theaters. Cicero speaks of his country property at Pompeii. Its houses were not magnificent in size, but many of them were beautiful with inlaid floors, marble columns, and with walls painted in brilliant colors. These houses were ornamented with pictures, beautiful vases, and many curious and costly things, showing their inmates to have been people of wealth and cultivated taste.

The streets of the city were very narrow, with pavements raised high above the roadway, which, in a rain-storm, must have been a foaming torrent of water. That this is a fact is testified to by the stepping-stones, placed on a level with the pavement, which cross the streets in some places. These streets were roughly formed, some of them too narrow for any vehicle whatever. Others bear the traces of the heavy wheels of the ox-carts which the farmers used. Over the broad roadways, probably, dashed the gay chariots of the wealthy.

There had been a high wall about Pompeii to protect it from invading armies, but the wall was already crumbling into ruins, and the principal use it was then put to was that of a public promenade, while its eight or nine gates were no longer closed.

Away from the city stretched a pleasant country, made beautiful by green orchards and vineyards. To the west rolled the waters of the beautiful bay, now known as the Bay of Naples, embraced by the nearly surrounding land.

Thus the people of Pompeii lived happily and quietly in their beautiful city, buying and selling, going to the temples and the theaters, and holding elections, very much as we do now.

More than one hundred years before the time of which I write there had been an earthquake, which she had overthrown many of the public buildings, and greatly frightened the people. Several of the temples had toppled down; so also had the colonnade of the Forum, the great Basilica and the theaters, and many houses and trucks. Nearly every family fled from the place, taking with them their furniture and their statuary; and it was some time before the Senate decided that the city might with safety be repeopled and rebuilt. But, no further subterranean disturbances occurring, the people gradually returned, and the injured or demolished buildings were restored or rebuilt. This earthquake was a serious injury to the city in an architectural point of view, for many of the restorations were cheap, and in bad taste. The injured columns were plastered up with stucco, and Ionic shafts received Corinthian capitals.

On the evening of the 23d of August, in the year 79, while many Pompeiians were attending one of the theaters, and the rest engaged in their usual business, Vesuvius suddenly sent forth a volume of fire and smoke. The ground shook, and strange noises were heard in it, while peal on peal of thunder crashed down. The air grew thick with dust. It came down like rain, rushing, spinning, whirling, and blinding all in the streets. It was evening, and, when the wind lifted the cloud of dust for a moment, then the bright flames of the burning mountain would kindle the darkness. The people in the theater were filled with consternation. They rushed out and sought their homes to find shelter from the storm of dust and ashes. Vain hope! Next came mingling with the ashes a shower of light stones all ablaze—a snow of fire, which kept falling, falling, all the miserable night through. The houses blazed, the burning sheet of flame blocked up the streets, the air was heavy and hot with ashes, smoke, and burning cinders. The people rushed hither and thither for safety. Those in the city ran wildly toward the country to escape from the burning buildings, only to meet the country people pressing toward the city, hoping to find shelter and protection from the perils of the night. Some stopped to sieze their jewels and money; others gathered together their families, while still others thought only of their own safety.

Dion Cassius, who wrote a century after the event, thus describes it: "Thus day was turned into night, and light into darkness, and some thought the giants were rising again, (for many phantoms of them were seen in the smoke, and a blast, as if of trumpets, was heard), while others believed that the earth was to return to chaos, or to be consumed by fire. Therefore, men fled, some from the houses out into the ways, others that were without, into their houses; some quitted the land for the sea, some the sea for the land, being confounded in mind, and thinking every place at a distance safer than where they were. Meanwhile, an inexpressible quantity of dust was blown out, and filled land, sea, and air, which did much mischief to men, fields, and cattle, and destroyed all the birds and fishes, and, besides, buried two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while the population was sitting in the theater. For this dust was so abundant that it reached Africa, Syria and Egypt, and filled the air above Rome, and overclouded the sun, which caused much fear for many days, men neither knowing nor being able to conjecture what had happened. But they thought that everything was to be thrown in confusion, the sun to fall, extinguished, to the earth, and the earth to rise to the sky."

Pliny, the younger, describes at length the terrible scenes. Though the event seems to have come upon the city with terrible suddenness after nightfall, yet, from his account, it seems that Vesuvius gave warnings of the approching catastrophe earlier in the day. Pliny writes to Tacitus:

"On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him (his uncle) to observe a cloud, which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterward to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches, occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air, that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upward, or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders."

Again, he says, describing subsequent events: "The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated backward and forward, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth. It is certain, at least, that the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger."

The following is an extract from his description of the flight of himself and his mother:

"The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest my mother should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices. One lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together."

No doubt many escaped out of the reach of the volcano, but how many perished will never be known. Death overtook some in their dwellings, and they died clasping those whom they best loved. Others died on the streets, beaten down and smothered by the constant and terrible rain of ashes and cinders. Some were crushed beneath falling roofs, while some were suffocated in the very act of trying to gather together their valuables. Oh! it was a terrible hour! No wonder they thought the end of the world had come!

They could scarcely tell when morning dawned, for darkness filled the air. The crowds were still pressing in the street. Men, women, and children shrieked and screamed, and called upon one another in their terror and agony. Still the ashes kept falling, until the ground was covered as with a deep snow, and the weak were crushed and buried beneath them. The sea rose, and then rushed back from the shore, and was violently agitated. Vesuvius kept pouring forth its column of flame and smoke, until the light could be seen far away, and smoke and ashes obscured the daylight at Rome, and even drifted to the shores of Africa.

The buildings were consumed by the flames, and their roofs and walls crumbled, and the ashes and cinders descended upon them, and sifted into all the rooms and crevices, and wrapped themselves about every article of furniture, and rose higher and higher, until everything was covered. The narrow streets were filled, and all the shrieking, terror-stricken, rushing, running, writhing crowd became silent and motionless, and wrapped in a gray-white pall. Still the ashes came down. They filled the rooms of the houses to the very highest point, and then joined with the ashes which filled the streets, and everything was covered over. No trace of houses remained, not even a dome or a spire, or the unfallen fragment of a wall. The city was dead and buried, and grayish-white ashes spread in an unbroken surface over its tomb—dead and buried, and its grave only to tell where it once was.

But, as we sometimes see a grave in an old church-yard sink down to a level with the rest of the ground, the stone which marked it crumbled away, the grass and weeds grown over it, and at last all traces of it disappear, so gradually the gray-white ground began to grow green with grass. Trees sprung up over it, their seeds probably borne thither by the winds. Then, as the years passed away, and the terrible horror of the first remembrance of the occurrence was beginning to be somewhat lessened, the peasants planted vineyards and fig and olive orchards above the place where the old city once stood.

Still, time passed on. Mount Vesuvius again and again sent forth fire and smoke from her new crater within her old one; more ashes sifted through the air, and descended upon the surrounding plains, and streams of melted lava poured down the mountain sides. The whole face of the country became changed, and men gradually forgot the spot where Pompeii had once stood. After more than sixteen hundred years, when the people of the world had forgotten everything about Pompeii except its name and its destruction, some vine-dressers, while working in a vineyard, struck their spades upon some old walls, and, their curiosity being excited, they kept on digging until they had unearthed some statues. This clearing was made in 1748, and since then there has been nearly constant work in digging out the ruins of the buried city. It is not, however, until within the last fifteen years that the labor has been pursued with system and energy. Now about one-third of it is cleared of rubbish, and the traveler who visits the spot may walk the streets of Pompeii, treading the very pavement the Pompeiians did. He may enter their homes, which are more or less injured by the fires which burned their roofs and doors; but he may see the pictures upon the walls, and he will be shown, if not at Pompeii itself, then at the Pompeiian museum at Naples, vases, cups, candlesticks, statuary, jewelry, and many other things which have been discovered buried in ashes.

A visit to this buried city must be one full of sad interest. The visitor is carried back eighteen hundred years, and finds the people and their belongings just as they existed then. He may even read upon the walls the names of the different candidates for office to be voted for at a coming election.

The work of digging and clearing out this buried city is still going on. Curious as it may seem, after remaining perfect under the covering of ashes for so many years, many of the articles, upon being brought to the light and air, soon crumble away and perish, and the pictures upon the walls lose their bright colors, and fade into dimness.—*Author's Home Magazine.*

First Steps on Carpets.

When carpets were first introduced into Europe they came from the East, and were very expensive. The floors were not covered by them, but a king might perhaps have one by his bedside, or spread before his throne. In the Middle Ages carpets, if we may judge from drawings that have come down to us from that period, were reserved for the high or chief altars in churches. The manufacture of carpets in England was not commenced till a little more than a hundred years ago.

The ancient covering of floors in the mother country was rushes; and the lack of invention among the English is displayed in the fact that they did not weave their rushes into soft, thick mats, as the Japanese do, but left them lying loose on the floor. They were also generally allowed to remain so long that they became exceedingly dirty and offensive.

In olden days in the north of England the churches had no floors, and once a year only the people of a village would wander forth among the fells and gather rushes with which to strew the ground. A memorial of this ancient custom is said to be still kept up in the villages of Grasmere and Ambleside in Westmoreland, near the former residence of the poet Wordsworth.

"T' Reysh Becarin," (the rush-bearing), as it was called, was quite an important event, from which the villagers used to reckon their ages and the principal events of their lives. It was regarded by some as old as the time of Pope Gregory IV., who recommended that when a church was recovered from the pagans, the anniversary of the event should be celebrated with certain solemnities.

The ceremonies are now, of course, very different from those formerly observed. They take place in Grasmere on the third Sunday in July, and in Ambleside a week later.

On the previous Saturday evening a procession of children, with music, goes round the village bearing a number of garlands and devices of all kinds, formed of wood and covered with rushes, adorned with moss-roses. These are deposited in the church, and remain there over Sunday, when there are special sermons preached and special hymns of thanksgiving sung.

The origin of the custom was probably such as mentioned above, for what people would celebrate with religious services the simple barbarity of their ancestors?

A PETRIFIED MARINE MONSTER.—Sonoma county abounds in vegetable, animal, and geological wonders. The latest notable development is the discovery of the partly petrified remains of a mouster of the deep on a hillside on Watson's ranch, on the line of the Marin Narrow Gauge Railroad, between Valley Forge and Freestone. While at work, three days ago, in a cut, a gang of men, at a depth of fourteen feet, came upon a peculiar formation, which presents almost certain indications that it was once the body of a whale. It lies lengthwise of the cut, and is about fifty feet in length. Alexander Vandernoot brought to town specimens of the bony part of the creature. They are soft and porous, and there can be little doubt that they are parts of the body of a member of the finny tribe. At the same place were found petrified shells of different kinds, and a substance two inches long and about one inch in diameter at the base, which had evidently been the tooth of some animal. A bone, four feet long and about eight inches in diameter, sharp at both ends, was also found. Bowlders nearly round, and weighing from 100 to 600 pounds, are numerous in the cut.—*Petaluma Argus.*

Harvard University two or three years ago surprised the religiously rigid by proposing to abolish compulsory prayers, and leave students free to join in the daily religious exercises of the chapel or not, as they chose. Now it has gone a step further, and abolished compulsory church-going. Hereafter, its students will not be required to attend church as a part of the college rules. They are to be treated as young gentlemen, and left to follow their own tastes and judgment, and the wishes of their parents in the matter. This departure from ancient usage will doubtless be severely condemned in some quarters, though others will regard it as freedom, only to be governed by intelligence and honor.

REVERENCE.—Some men carry reverence too far. There is a man in Woodbury, 87 years old, who has a pocket Bible given to him by his mother when he was a boy. He has carried that volume constantly in his pocket for seventy-four years, and he is so careful not to injue it that he has never cut the leaves, or hurt hurt them by exposing them for any length of time to the light. He keeps the book in his coat pocket, and never takes it out excepting when he wants to spend one of the shin-plasters which he carries in between the leaves to save himself the expense of buying a pocket-book. Filial love which lasts three-fourths of a century is a holy thing.

This anecdote is told of Dr. Samuel Johnson and wife previous to their marriage: He said that he very much wished to marry her, but there were three obstacles. First, he was of very humble origin; second, he had no money; third, he had an uncle who was hung. In reply, she said she honored no man more or less because of his parentage; second, she had no money herself; and third, although she had had no relatives hung, she had twenty who deserved it, and she wished they were.

"Excuse this bit of sarcasm," said Smith to Jones, "but I must say that you are an infamous liar and scoundrel." "Pardon this bit of irony," said Jones to Smith, as he knocked him over with a poker.